Molly’s Story

**The start of the symptoms:**

Why am I suddenly feeling this way? I can’t remember feeling anything like this ever in my life. Maybe it is just stress because I will be graduating from college soon and will have to enter the “real world”. At first I wasn’t too worried about it because I began talking to voices and they were always encouraging me. I felt like I was ready to take on the world, but I could not tell anyone about these voices because they would be so jealous of me! I kept this secret from everyone but then the voices started to turn on me. Now the voices are telling me to do crazy things! Instead of whispering they keep getting louder and louder. They yell at me all night saying that I have to sell my soul because I am the chosen one. But that can’t be true, what makes me so special? Sometimes, at night, I do start to believe it though; the voices are just so persuasive. I’m not exactly sure what I am supposed to do with all of this information they are giving me. Maybe they will give me directions soon. The only thing I know now is that I can still not tell anyone!

**Diagnosis:**

I finally hit my breaking point thanks to all the voices in my head. I felt like giving up until one day I was watching TV. What would seem like just a normal commercial to some people was actually a secret message for me, with directions on how to get rid of the crazy voices in my head. I was so happy I could finally make them go away; I didn’t even realize how crazy it was for the TV to be talking to me! The person in the commercial told me the exact location to meet with a man who was supposed to be an expert with this type of situation. I ran down to our meeting place, which happened to be the gas station down the street. I saw him as soon as I got there; he was sitting behind the counter. But when I tried to explain my story to him he looked at me like I had lobsters coming out of my ears! The more I tried to explain the more upset it made him. Eventually he called the cops and I began to explain my story to them so I would not have to go to jail. After hearing my story they did not take me to jail, but I was put in a mental hospital instead, which is where I am writing this right now. They told me I had schizophrenia and gave me pills that I must take every day. Things are slowly starting to make more sense now and I can see how crazy I was being. But I do not want to live the rest of my life on this medication. I feel tired and heavy from it, and the voices are not even completely gone. I don’t know who to turn too about this and I feel like I have no one. Everyone will probably reject me; who wants a schizophrenic friend anyway? I hope they let me stay at this hospital longer, I am too embarrassed to tell anyone about this right now…

**Recovery:**

It has been one year since that terrible night when I was diagnosed with schizophrenia. Looking back I wonder how I could have ever thought like that but I also wondered how I lived in fear for so long. Even though I hated to take my medication I must admit it did help to clear my head so I could figure out what to do. I eventually told my family and some close friends and thankfully they have all been very supportive. They truly are my lifeline to the normal world and I do not know what I would do without them. My family and I agreed after a few months that I should try to go off my medications. Some days are better than others but my family is always there to talk when I need them. The voices are still there sometimes but I have learned techniques to ignore them or make them fade away. The best way for them to leave is to focus on one continuous outside sound, like the traffic outside my window, until finally to voices fade away. Trying to live a totally normal life again will be the biggest challenge though. Soon I will start looking for a job and maybe a place of my own to live. I know this recovery process will last my whole life, but with the support of my family, friends, and doctors, I believe I will be able to live a relatively normal and happy life.